

## WAR TALK IS OVER

## Salisbury's Letter Gives Entire Satisfaction

## TO THE PRESIDENT AND SENATE

A Reply Will Be Submitted to the Cabinet Today and Sent to the British Minister Wednesday.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—President Harrison and several members of the cabinet during the day considered the reply of Lord Salisbury received yesterday, and this evening it is said officially that the communication gives much satisfaction and gratification to this government. The document was transmitted to the Senate shortly after noon, and was the principal subject of discussion in the executive session which followed. The president's response to Salisbury will be presented to the cabinet tomorrow before its transmission to Sir Julian Pauncefote, and it may not be delivered to him before Wednesday.

Different Views in England.  
LONDON, March 28.—The newspapers take different views of Lord Salisbury's letter. The *Standard* and *Times* are of the opinion that the letter is a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, and that it will result in a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain. The *Star*, on the other hand, is of the opinion that the letter is a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, and that it will result in a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain. The *Star*, on the other hand, is of the opinion that the letter is a masterpiece of diplomatic skill, and that it will result in a peaceful settlement of the difficulties between the United States and Great Britain.

## DIED IN INTENSE PAIN.

Death of a Milwaukee Man From a Peculiar Cause.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 28.—August A. Rintelman, a prominent Milwaukee capitalist, died at St. Mary's hospital this morning under peculiar circumstances. In a party of well-known Milwaukeeans he has been on a visit to California, and while in San Francisco had taken a Turkish bath. While the attendant was rubbing him his hand slipped and hit Rintelman a violent blow in the side. It was a little painful at that time, but he thought little of it until he arrived here, when the spot began to swell. Blood poisoning set in. The physicians performed an operation, but it did not improve the patient's condition. He died in most intense pain.

## ENGELDRUM WINS EASILY.

He Beats the Indian Amateur Without Any Serious Effort.

CHICAGO, March 2.—John C. Engeldrum, professional runner, had no trouble in winning from John Young, the Indian amateur sprinter, tonight, at Battery D. The men were matched to run fifty miles, \$250 a side and wagers that reached several thousand. Young led a few laps, then Engeldrum took the lead and from that time on was never headed. At 8:30 he was nine miles ahead. He finished the twenty-fifth mile in two hours and thirty-nine seconds, breaking the American record for that distance. The Indian stuck to the track till 9 when he pulled off for good. Engeldrum covered his fifty miles in 6:36:15.

## May Impose Maynard.

ALBANY, March 28.—The legislative committee inquiry into the conduct of Judge Maynard of the court of appeals, in connection with the disputed ballots of Dutchess county at the time of the recent state election, was begun today. Maynard, who was at that time attorney general, is accused of certain manipulations of the returns. The inquiry is made at the request of the State Bar association, and if the result is unfavorable to Maynard he will be impeached. Maynard was appointed judge by Governor Hill during the last part of the latter's administration.

## Pat Rooney is Dead.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Pat Rooney, the Irish comedian, died at 2:30 this afternoon. Rooney had been suffering some time with pneumonia and had been brought here from Wilmington, Del., for treatment. He was 44 and leaves a wife and six children.

## Contract For an Indian Building.

WASHINGTON, March 28.—The commissioner of Indian affairs has awarded the contract for the erection of an Indian building at Mt. Pleasant, Mich., to Hinet & Newton of Mt. Pleasant. Their bid is \$17,328.

## Missouri State Convention.

ST. LOUIS, March 28.—The republican state central committee today selected Jefferson City as the place for holding the state convention and the time April 27 and 28.

## EXUBERANT DEMOCRATS.

They Promise to See a Roxy Promise of Complete Success.

"Politics are beginning to boom up," said Sheriff McGowan yesterday. "Do I think the prospects for the democrats are dark? Not in a thousand years. We're in it and we're going to show every man on the ticket. Dead sure thing."

Andy Pitt—Prospects were never brighter. We have to keep up appear-

ances anyhow. I'm certain of success. If we get knocked out this time it'll be the first time since I've been on deck. We'll carry the city by about 1500.

Larry Carroll—I haven't been out much. Going to elect the whole ticket from stem to gudgeon. I'm sure of that. Of course we've some things to contend against, but we'll get there just the same.

Cornelius Haver—I think the dems stand a fair show of electing the entire ticket. No reason why they shouldn't. Joe Emery—We've got a good man at the head of our ticket. I think he ought to get there.

Altemar Carpenter—Stand as good a show this year as we ever did. But, ah, my dear boy, is there the breath of a suspicion lurking about in the neighborhood of your cranium, that the dems will not fill every vacant office. There is! Discard it, my boy, discard it.

City Attorney Wanser Taylor (bushy engaged preparing resolutions and suggestions for the city dad)—No time to talk politics. I don't make this office the rendezvous for politicians and political discussions. I talk politics outside of business hours. That's all right. Don't mean to be crusty, you know. Oh! well, of course, if you don't want to hold an all afternoon session, why, I don't mind stopping long enough to tell you that I think the democrats have nominated a good ticket and that it's going to be elected. Good day. Call again.

Edward Pelton—I feel confident, just like the rest of the boys. I have nothing to fear and think the whole ticket will be successful.

City Clerk Billy Shinkman—I think the whole ticket will be elected.

Alderman O'Donnell—I am kind of out of politics now, but on the inside just enough to feel sure that the ticket will be elected.

For Director Kruse (by proxy)—I don't know much about politics. You know I have determined to retire.

Ex-City Physician Wright—I think the entire ticket will be elected. We have made good nominations, and that's all that's necessary.

The opinions of ex-City Treasurer Perry was much sought after, but could not be obtained.

James Callahan and other well known democrats were either in the county jail or out of the city and could not be interviewed, but it is expected they will be at liberty or back in time to vote.

## ASSISTED BY THE UNION.

A Penniless and Injured Cigar Maker Finds True Friends.

H. R. Sherwood, a cigar maker claiming to hail from Owosso, arrived in the city yesterday, his appearance suggesting the result of a tussle with a threshing machine. The skin had been scraped from one side of his face and the blood was trickling down over his clothing. He explained that he had started to walk from Lowell to this city and had secured a ride with a farmer who was driving in his direction. The team became frightened and ran away, throwing the driver and the wayfarer over an hour. He discussed the political history of the old party during the past thirty years. He made a plea for purer political methods and urged some vital industrial and political reforms. He advised the party to make a strong effort in the coming municipal struggle. He touched up the street railway company, roasted the city hall gang with vigor and precision and advised the appointment of a water inspector as a companion piece to the milk inspection, to adjudge the water Grand Rapids drinks.

He was followed by one or two other speakers who expressed their satisfaction at the party nominations.

## IRA C. HATCH EMBARRASSED.

He Prefers His Wife Among the Creditors—His Liabilities.

Considerable surprise was caused in commercial circles yesterday by the rumor that Ira C. Hatch, the Monroe street grocer, was in financial difficulty. An investigation of the report showed it to be true. Within two minutes of 2 o'clock, yesterday a chattel mortgage covering all his stock of groceries and other property, in favor of his wife, Aleida Fortia Hatch, for \$450, was filed with City Clerk Shinkman. The mortgage is given to secure a note given July 17, 1891. Subsequently the following mortgages were filed: Vogt Milling company, \$403.55; Thirza Chesborough, Cleveland, Ohio, \$2500; Lewis E. Hawkins and William L. Freeman, composing the firm of Hawkins & Co., \$1124.39; New York Biscuit company, \$102.26; Alfred D. Rathbone, \$1690; Charles E. Rathbone, \$250; Lansing K. Rathbone, Paria township, \$1090; Frank Bonnell, \$1328. The mortgages cover a total of \$13,780.20.

## GRADING FOR MANY STREETS.

An Effort Being Made to Secure It—Opposition Likely.

L. S. Provia is circulating a petition among the property owners to be presented to the common council asking that the following streets be graded: Henry street south from Fifth avenue, Union street from Fifth avenue to Hall street and Hall street from Grandville avenue to the east city limits. He says the proposition is a favorably received and that a majority of the owners of these streets is already represented on the petition. It is expected, however, that the scheme will meet some influential opposition.

## NOW FOR THE SALE

Everything Ready for the World "Go" and "Gone"

## OUR MATCHLESS DRIVING PARK

Discussed by a "Noted Horseman"—Don J. Leathers Grants an Interview on the Future of the Horse.

The horsemen are coming to town. Hundreds have come in already. The hotels are full of them and the talk of the corridor is mainly horse. Politics for the time being is tabled as a subject of conversation and the prospects for the coming season, the future of prices and the prospects of record breaking this summer are the main questions that find eager speakers and listeners. Several hundred buyers from the east and south braved the wind at the West Michigan Fair grounds yesterday afternoon and carefully looked over the stock. Everybody seemed satisfied with the entries and as they were a good natured crowd they wallowed through the mud without a murmur. The grounds are in very fair condition. The drives are wet and spongy, but with one or two more days of sunshine the mud will have disappeared. One of the prominent horsemen interested in the great sale is George Bronson of Cambridge City, Ind., and secretary of the western southern circuit. Mr. Bronson is the mainstay of the western southern circuit and one of the most far-seeing horsemen in this country.

## To a Reporter for THE HERALD.

Don J. Leathers, speaking on horse topics, said: "I find that the track at the West Michigan grounds has wintered well and with a few more of these bright sunny days we shall be able to put the track on and by April 10 the track will be in such shape that we can put the trotters at work. We are exceptionally fortunate in our track. We have the river on one side and a good-sized stream on the other and between the two the track is kept in moist condition all the time. Last season was very hard on tracks, the worst I ever knew, in fact; but our track was kept in good form in spite of the drought. With next week's good weather the track will be a money maker to a lively tune."

## Staffs and Club House.

We contemplate some very desirable improvements in the grounds this spring. Messrs. Cheney and Dikeman and myself will go out to the grounds tomorrow afternoon with Architect Green and we will plan for a large number of new stalls which will be at once put in. We should have three times as many stalls to accommodate the rush that will surely come this August, but under the present farmer regime it is useless to expect such an improvement. We shall also stake out the ground for the new club house tomorrow and I shall at once set to work getting in the subscriptions for the building which is, I promise you, to be a daisy. We shall hang up a purse of \$5,000 this fall at the West Michigan fair races, which is just double the purses of last year. I am enthusiastic over the future of Grand Rapids as a horse town. There are hundreds of horse lovers here who will make it a great sale point."

## Many Horsemen Here.

Speaking of the outlook for a good sale this week, Mr. Leathers said: "There are more horses here from abroad than I ever saw before on the day preceding a sale. There are a good many here from Canada and any number from the south and east. We must make the first sale a success. Mr. Bronson has written a great many catalogues and he tells me that this is as good a one as he ever wrote. There are lots of fine youngsters and harness horses. It's a little late to sell kind of course as buyers of that kind of stock loaded up at Lexington. But there is today more money in geldings than studs. You'll see the latter going quickly at \$150 and \$200, and a bright-eyed, fine-necked gelding will bid ready sale at \$500 and up. I believe that we shall see lower prices for horse-

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## Knocks the "Grand" Out.

"The southern western will take in their order Cleveland, Sturgis, Grand Rapids, Chicago, Ft. Wayne, Richmond, Indianapolis, Terra Haute, St. Louis, Lexington, Nashville, Columbia, Birmingham, Ala., Macon, Ga., and Memphis, Tenn. All in all a great circuit and one that knocks the backbone out of the grand circuit. There will be some \$350,000 hung up this season and \$330,000 is the biggest sum the grand circuit has ever hung up."

"I shall make an important move shortly in transferring all races dated to occur at Cambridge City, Ind., under the auspices of the southern western circuit, to the state fair race course at Indianapolis. All our races at Cambridge City will be declared off this season and I expect to make a grand thing of them at Indianapolis."

## DON J. LEATHERS INTERVIEWED.

He is Enthusiastic on the Prospects for Sale and Races.

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## Remarkable Fact in Natural History.

Teacher of class in physiology—What do we know of the discovery of trichina?

Pupil (who hadn't studied his lesson)—They existed before the flood.

"Before the flood? How do you know that?"

"They were saved in the ark with Ham."—Chicago Tribune.

## WOES OF THE NEGRO

## His Hardships and Denials Set Forth

## IN LANGUAGE MOST ELOQUENT

By a Silver-Tongued Advocate of Equality in All Things Between Whites and Blacks—Eloquent Periods.

CHICAGO, March 28.—What was a decided sensation took place in the Bethel African Methodist Episcopal church last night, when the congregation refused to join in singing "America."

One man in the audience arose and said: "I don't want to sing that song until this country is what it claims to be, 'Sweet land of liberty.'"

The preacher then started "John Brown," in which the entire audience joined in singing. Inflammatory speeches were made by many present. Among others F. L. Burnett spoke and among other things he said:

Contemplating a picture so gloomy as this, the negro must resolve to find a new way out. We have given the white man every exaction more than honor could ask or self-respect should grant. We have earned his bread by the sweat of our brow. He repays our centuries of servitude by robbing us of the fruits of our free years. We nursed his infant hands; they strike us in their strength; yes, while he fought to forge the fetters upon our necks we defended his home and the dear ones about his hearthstone. In every way that honor appeals to honor our cause has pleaded for hearing. But he is deaf, dastardly deaf and heartless. He is incapable of gratitude. Mercy pleads to him in vain. Pity is a stranger and remorse is unknown. The chivalry which saves the weak from the assault of the strong never stays his vindictive hand, which, reeking with the blood of 10,000 butchers, now usurps all law and makes itself arbiter of our fortunes and lives. We have stood this long enough. There is such a thing as a "last ditch," and if the negro must find it let him find it like a man.

## Time For Thought.

This is a time for thought, deep, earnest, courageous thought. The superficial survey should find no place in our councils. We must not be moved by the fiery invective of men who shoot from shelter, nor shall we heed that cowardly counsel that will emasculate life in order to live. "What shall the negro do?" is a question that must be answered, not by flippant thought nor fiery speech, but it must be taken to our hearts and homes. It is a question too broad to be touched save with a purpose that is supremely unselfish and courageous to the death. We must think for ourselves. The white people gave us one John Brown. If we must have another let him be flesh of our flesh and blood of our blood.

There are those who believe that blood must be washed away in blood. They have watched the growth of southern outlaws which, first excusing itself because of a fear of political domination, has gradually extended until a negro's life has no more sacredness than that of a brute. Families are driven from home and their property confiscated. Women are stripped to nakedness and lashed, witnesses are tied to fences and shot, jailers give their keys to murderous mobs of a white civilization which in one state hangs a 15-year-old girl child to a tree until she strangles to death, and in another state ties a man to a stake and saturates him with oil, calls for a white woman who strikes the match and sets him on fire.

## ASK FOR AN INJUNCTION.

Old Soldiers Object to Recently Issued Regulations at the Home.

An application will be made to the state supreme court today for an injunction restraining the board of managers of the Soldiers' home from enforcing the following regulations adopted by the board on December 9, 1891, and March 16, 1892, respectively: "That the rule of admission be amended from this date so as to make any applicant ineligible who receives a pension of \$12 per month or over, unless he needs hospital attendance; and, on and after April 1, 1892, all members of the home who receive \$12 per month or over, shall be honorably discharged, unless they need hospital attendance." "It shall be competent for the commandant to admit any ex-soldier, sailor or marine, now eligible under the law, who may be willing to pay into the home treasury all pension received by him over four dollars per month."

## A Grateful Response.

An employer recently advertised in a London paper for a clerk understanding shorthand and the Remington typewriter, and having a knowledge of French and German. For these qualifications he offered a salary of sixty pounds per annum. He received the following application: "I am forty-five years of age, and was educated at Oxford university, where I matriculated in 1869, being senior wrangler in 1871. I write shorthand at the rate of 400 words a minute, and can operate two typewriters at once. Should this latter accomplishment be of use in your office, I would be pleased to supply the machines. I speak all the European languages fluently, am an expert accountant, and would be prepared to work eighteen hours a day. The salary you mention is more than I have been receiving, and I would accept less, as, living on water and water, my expenses are moderate. I am a member of fear burial clubs, so that, in the event of my decease while in your employ, you will feel under no moral obligations to subscribe to the cost of my funeral. I may further add that I am the holder of the London merchant's gold medal for an essay on 'Overpaid Clerks, or Way Encourage Luxury?' I have various other accomplishments, which I would be happy to detail at an interview."—Paper World.

## Remarkable Fact in Natural History.

Teacher of class in physiology—What do we know of the discovery of trichina?

Pupil (who hadn't studied his lesson)—They existed before the flood.

"Before the flood? How do you know that?"

"They were saved in the ark with Ham."—Chicago Tribune.

## Sent to the Woman's Home.

Anna Klenfield, the Polish emigrant who arrived in the city Sunday night

and was unable to find her friends and was sent to the Woman's home and hospital, was yesterday turned over to the county poor superintendent. It was learned late in the afternoon that her father, who formerly resided in this city, is now living at Hartwell Park, near Lansing.

## The Lawyer Pressed the Button.

A New York lawyer who was on a sleeping car the other night unwittingly caused something of a stir among his fellow passengers. Every one had gone to sleep and nothing arose to disturb the slumbers of the travelers until about 8 a. m. Then the bell in the porter's room began to ring. It was one of those rings which settled down to hard work at once and, as they say, just do nothing but saw wood. It was a steady, perfectly controlled ring. Soon it became apparent that it was no ordinary, but a long distance champion, for it rang and rang, as only an electric bell can ring to wreck men's nerves. Some one in the end of the car awakened and groaned:

"For heaven's sake, stop that racket! If you want the porter, go out and get him. Don't wake the whole car up."

But the ringing continued.

"For heaven's sake," cried a little man, leaping into the aisle, his hair standing on end, "What's the matter; is the hotel on fire?"

The bell sawed wood steadily.

"Stop that ringing!" bawled a full lunged man, sticking his head out between the curtains and glaring savagely at the little man.

A baby woke up and began to howl. Its mother tried to calm it and its father swore like a trooper. He threatened to have the life of the man who was making that "infernal noise," and the bell blazed away as merrily as if it were a twenty-four hour alarm clock.

Everybody in the car awakened except two people—the porter and the New York lawyer. Then a delegation started to the porter's room to assassinate him. They found him dozing peacefully on a seat, while the bell was now carrying on its work with the regularity of a patent circular saw warranted never to stop. The wretched passengers decided that before they cut the porter's throat it would be wise to have him stop that bell. They pulled him to his feet, and shouted in his ear, and when he opened his eyes they yelled:

"Bell! Stop the bell! Stop that bell!"

The porter went down to the lawyer's berth and stuck his head between the curtains.

"Did you ring, sah?" he asked. There was no answer from the lawyer, though the bell kept up its ringing, while the baby ran a rival noisemaking factory and its angry father invented magnificent oaths.

"Did you ring, sah?" repeated the porter, and the nervous mother began to sob.

But the lawyer sleepily, one knee, which had restlessly moved against the pane in the night, pressing the button of the electric bell, and it and the baby did the rest.—New York Tribune.

## His Ultimatum.

"Madeline, will you marry me?"

His voice had a husky, appealing sound, his heart thumped audibly and his knees had got beyond his control.

"No, Horace, I will not."

"This—this is your final answer, is it, Madeline?"

"It is, Horace. I am sorry I cannot."

"This is the end of all my fond hopes, the waking from the dream I have been dreaming, and the winding up of the fool's paradise in which I have dwelt for the last three months, eh?"

"I suppose it is, Horace, but do not be utterly cast down," said the young woman soothingly. "Time softens all our griefs and turns sorrow into joy. In the future, Horace, when the pain of this refusal shall have—"

"Miss Shuckers," he exclaimed, rising with dignity, as became a man who had received a temporary setback, but had recovered himself, "talk not to me of the future. It may have its consolations, its joys and its repose, but it cannot reawaken old delusions. Henceforth, Miss Shuckers," he added, reaching for his hat and cane and moving with unruffled self-possession toward the door, "I can never be anything more to you than a brother."—Exchange.

## No Pickles.

A lady who has the good fortune to be a friend of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes relates a little anecdote of the first time she asked a favor from him as an author. She had just completed a book for children, and Dr. Holmes kindly consented to read the manuscript.

When it was returned to her after his personal she naturally looked it over with eagerness and anxiety, in haste to see what criticisms or corrections her distinguished friend had made. She turned page after page, but found no erasure, mark or marginal note, until at length, nearly at the end of the story, she came to a single neatly penciled line in Dr. Holmes' fine handwriting:

It was placed against a passage upon which she had rather prided herself, a vivid description of the picnic feast of a group of children in a grove.

First reading the paragraph to see if she herself could find anything amiss, she next read what he had written. It was this:

"Don't let those children eat pickles!"—Youth's Companion.

How Much He Knew.

A colored porter at a Washington hotel had charge of the hats of the guests who went in to dine. His accuracy and promptness in giving every man his own "hat" so he came out of the dining room excited one gentleman's curiosity.

"How did you know so well that this was my hat?" he asked.

A smile lighted up the waiter's cheery face as he bowed politely.

"Bos," he said, "I didn't know it was yours, but it's as one you give me!"—Youth's Companion.

A New Idea.

The proprietor of this summer hotel offers special rates to young men who dance the German!

Wiggins—Indeed! What a charming way to foot one's bill!—Kate Field's Washington.